

## Nick Granato "Florida's Son"

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Words & Music By  
Nick Granato

He once earned a living fishing these waters,  
Out in the gulf, running the bay,  
He remembers a time when the catch was abundant,  
He says too many people have scared them away,  
His face was all wrinkled and browned from the weather,  
His hands were all calloused from years on the sea,  
By his bench on the pier all the tourists passed by him,  
Unaware this old man had made all this to beâ€¦  
He's just an old cracker, who grew up on the island,  
His grandfather's grandpa, drove the first pilings,  
With a pioneer's spirit, that runs in his blood  
An original nativeâ€¦ Florida's son  
He spoke of a time when life was quite different,  
Long before money and greed had it's way,  
A place you could tell God had touched with his fingers,  
Where you showed respect for the things He'd made  
He said nowadays we're surrounded by concrete,  
High rises stretching to worship the sun,  
He said they're nothing to me  
But just graves on the beaches,  
Stones marking the places, where paradise wasâ€¦  
He's just an old cracker, who grew up on the island,  
His grandfather's, grandpa, drove the first pilings,  
Oh the things that he's witnessed,  
All the changing he's done.  
An original legendâ€¦ Florida's son,  
Now He mourns for what it's becomeâ€¦ Florida's son,  
And the future sets in what wasâ€¦ Florida's sonâ€¦

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